

THE TIMES; or a fig for INVASION — 1797.

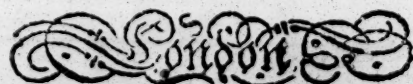


WILLIAM PITT, STEERSMAN SINCE 1783.

THE
TIMES;

OR,
A FIG FOR INVASION:
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
IN TWO ACTS.
DEDICATED
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM PITT, &c. &c.
BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

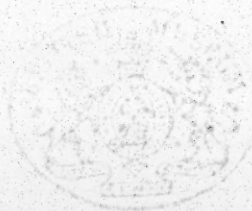
DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI. HOR.



PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, IN PALL MALL.

1797.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

TO whom can I with so much justice, or propriety, dedicate the TIMES, as to you, Sir, BRITANNIA'S WATCHFUL HELMSMAN, who for a series of years have safely steered her through the INNUMERABLE Shoals, Quickfands and Hurricanes, with which she has been encompassed. Continue, BRAVE SIR, your unremitting Exertions ; for although you may have

have some LUBBERS on Board, yet I trust
you will ever find the MAJORITY staunch
and true. Therefore, KEEP A GOOD
LUFF, till weathering the Dangerous Rocks
of WAR, you bring up the BRITANNIA
(THE WORLD'S ENVY) safe MOOR'D (HEAD
AND STERN) in the BLESSED HAR-
BOUR OF PEACE.

I am,

Sir,

Respectfully,

and Dutifully,

Your Obedient

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

S. B. January, 1797.

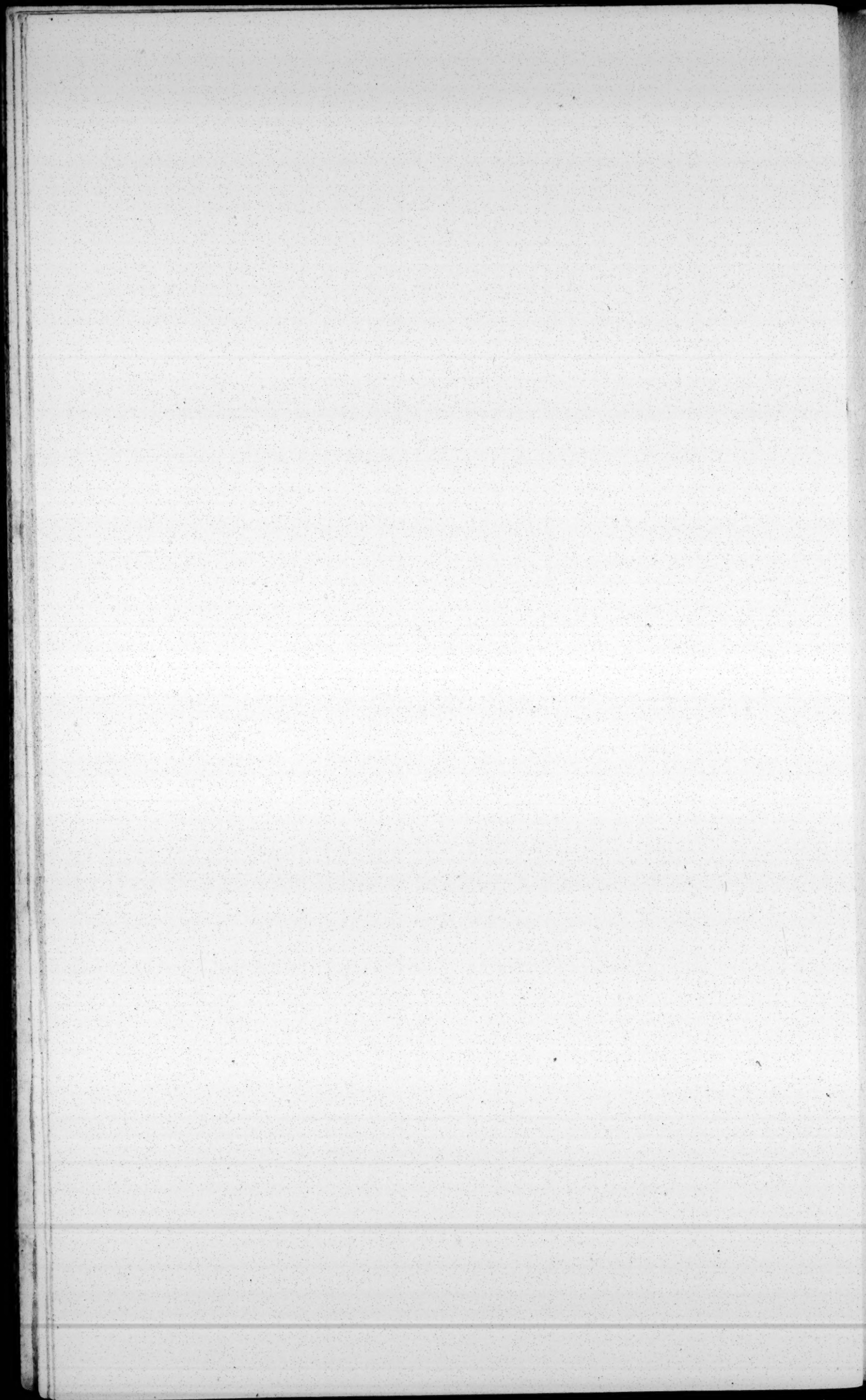
To the Public.

IF there is any Merit attached to the accompanying Piece, the Author is convinced it must be wholly owing to the spirit of TRUE PATRIOTISM it breathes, and which it is meant to infuse into the breasts of ALL RANKS: Viz. “ *Patience under Misfortunes, a proper Confidence in our Superiors and Rulers, and a Courageous and Unanimous Endeavour, with hand and heart, to CRUSH the daring Subverters of our Inestimable Constitution.*” In the Blessed hope that it may have this Happy Effect, it is Humbly submitted to a Generous, and Candid Public,

by their

Obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Thomas Aimwell, *an Admiral with one Arm.*

Mr. Manly, *a Country Justice, Brother-in-Law to Sir Thomas.*

Edward, *his Son, in love with Julia.*

Charles, *Son to the Admiral, a Lieutenant in the Navy.*

Saunders Mc. Gregor, *Servant to the Admiral.*

James, *Servant to Mr. Manly.*

William Aimwell, *Gamekeeper to Mr. Manly.*

Dick Lag, *another Keeper.*

Fillpot, *a Publican.*

Hodge, *a Countryman.*

Serjeant Bounce,

Corporal Trim,

Recruits, Frenchmen, &c.

Julia, *Daughter to the Admiral, in love with Edward.*

Flippant, *her Maid, privately married to Bounce.*

Mrs. Aimwell, *and Children.*

Mrs. Lag, *and Ditto.*

Dame Fillpot.

Kate Fillpot,

Country Lasses, Peasants, &c.

ERRATA.

Page 15, for Song, *Edward*, read Charles.

Page 42, for every that, read *every thing that*.

THE
TIMES:
OR,
A FIG FOR INVASION.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A STREET BEFORE SIR THOMAS'S HOUSE.

Charles, meeting Edward.

Char. DO I see right? my cousin Ned?

Edw. The same—and as much yours as ever.

Char. Well met. But what *maggot* has brought you to Town? Hey!—and a dog vane in your hat too!

Edw. A *maggot* which I trust has bit many a better fellow than myself, and *all* I hope deserving the name of a Briton—a wish to contribute my feeble *mite* towards the chastisement of our threatening, saucy foes.

B

Charles.

Char. Well said, my hero!

Edw. You know my final departure from Oxford was to have taken place in a few weeks; and our friend, Sir William Dash, having offered me a commission in his new raised regiment of Militia, and thinking the complexion of the times such as would not admit of delay, with my Father's permission, I consented to be gazetted, mounted my dog vane, (as you call it,) bid adieu to Alma Mater, and bien venu! the sword and sash.

Char. Ah Ned! Ned! art thou not a bit of a hypocrite?—Come—Confess—was there not some more forceable loadstone that drew you to the metropolis, and occasioned this metamorphosis?—O Julia! Julia! Wherefore art thou Julia?

Edw. That I have loved your Sister, you long have known. But I think I should ill deserve her if at this critical period I hesitated to join the mass of my brave countrymen now in arms, in defence of our *Religion, Liberty, Property*, and every thing else that is dear to the breast of an Englishman.

Char. Ha ha ha!—I never cast a better anchor to windward in my life—Ha ha ha! You well know the blind side of my venerable parent.—A cockade in his eyes is preferable to a Ducal Coronet without it, and I am convinced he would sooner lose t'other arm, than suffer his daughter to marry any one but a soldier, or a
sailor

sailor. However, let me tell you, you must win her ere you wear her; for a long courtship with my mother, hard service, and bleeding freely in defence of his country, (for which his Majesty, God bless him, was pleased to create him a Baronet) lead him to expect the same sacrifices in a son-in-law.

Edw. My dear friend I thank you, but who would not sacrifice every thing, but his honor, for such a boon!—

S O N G.

E D W A R D.

FOR Julia I the world would roam,
Each distant clime explore,
To bring their choicest treasure home,
For her whom I adore.

From shore to shore,
Though cannons roar,
All danger I'd despise,
The stormy main,
Diseases, pain,
If Julia is the prize.

—But now my dear cousin, let me ask you how fares the lovely *St. Ann*, you mentioned in your last letter?

Char. O, damn her *saintship*!—don't mention her.

Edw. Fie, Charles, I thought you had more respect for the fair.

Char. O, confound the jade! she play'd me most foully, but thanks to the Gods, my *Monimia* has made me ample amends.

Edw. Thou rattle-brain'd inconstant! pri'thee explain.

Char. Why then, you must know; that ungrateful *St. Ann*, after all the pains I took in fitting her out, chose to be disobedient and not answer her helm; at the very moment I was endeavouring to weather a point, to get alongside of a chase, she miss'd stays, and bump we went upon the rocks; and it was with much difficulty I sav'd the lives of my brave crew.

Edw. So your Cutter then was the mistress on whom you bestowed those pretty epithets in your letter?

Char. To be sure, what the devil business has a sailor with any other mistress?

S O N G.

C H A R L E S.

GIVE me but a tight little boat,
That will rise like a cork on each wave,
And while that a plank is afloat,
Each danger I'll manfully brave.

My ship is my wife, my children my crew,
No husband so fond e'er as me:
To them I will ever prove constant and true,
In spite of hard squalls and rough sea.

Not a whimper or cry shall I hear,
Except when a foe is in fight,
And my wife she refuses to steer,
To get alongside her to fight.

Edw. Permit me then to ask after your Monimia, she it seems has played you fairly.

Char. True.—You must know that after being tried for the loss of the *St. Ann*, and honourably acquitted, their lordships were pleased to give me the command of an armed brig, with which I put to sea; and falling in with a Corvette of much superior force, with a convoy of four *St. Domingo-men*, prudence dictated to me to retreat; but submitting it to my brave companions, they would not hear of it

Edw. And so?

Char. And so, we took the whole convoy, Corvette and all; and I have just been to the city to receive my first dividend of prize-money—Here it is, (*chucking up a purse.*) and half of it at your service.

Edw. Thank you my dear friend, but at present I will not trouble you.

Char. 'Tis always at your command. But come, let me shew you the way to the little frigate you wish to board.—Cheer up man, remember the old proverb “Faint heart never won fair lady.”

Exeunt Charles and Edward.

SCENE

THE TIMES ; OR,

SCENE II.

SIR THOMAS'S HOUSE.

Enter Sir Thomas, Charles, Edward and Julia.

Sir Tho. N E P H E W, I am glad to see you with all my heart.—When did you arrive?

Edw. Last night, sir, and understanding from my father you desired his company at dinner to-day, I begged to be the bearer of his acquiescence to your wishes; eager to pay my duty to you, and my fair cousin. (*Bows.*)

Julia. We are happy, sir, in saluting the Ambassador. (*Curtseys.*)

Sir Tho. And so you are determin'd to be a foldier? Why, that's right, that's right; nothing like "*carrying on the war,*" my boys; but I wish you had been a sailer, then you and Charles mayhaps, might have fought yard-arm and yard-arm.

Edw. Though of different professions, Sir, we may yet be instrumental to each others preservation, and it would be the glory of *my* life, to risque it in defence of *his*.

Sir Tho. Why, that's right—that's right—spoke like a hero—give us your fist.

Char. Well luffed up, Ned. (*aside to Edward*) My dear cousin, I thank you, but I believe there
are

are *part* of our *family* that would not esteem themselves so much obliged to you.

(*archly and aloud.*)

Edw. Mum. (*aside*)

Char. Indeed, I shall not—for—

Edw. For Heaven's sake, my dear fellow.

(*Stopping his mouth.*)

Julia. Fie! brother, how can you be so rude?

Sir Tho. Hey day? what the devil's in the wind now?

Char. Only, Sir, that my cousin Ned here, is working a *traverse* to acquaint you with the longitude of his affections for my sister Julia; a secret, which I believe you were well acquainted with, long before he knew it himself.

Edw. and Julia. For shame, Charles.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha, ha!—So you thought you had got to windward of the old sailor, did you? Supposed we kept no watch upon deck? and suffered our convoy to drop astern? No, no, I had my eye upon you over the lee-quarter, night and day; and saw with pleasure your little gambols, which promised one day or other to unite our families more closely.

Edw. My dearest uncle! you make me the happiest of mortals.

Sir Tho. I have not forgot how you carried on the war last winter in the snow, and the pretty little song you made upon the occasion. Suppose you were to give us a stave of it?

Edw.

Edw. Your commands, sir, shall ever be obeyed.

S O N G

E D W A R D.

AS northern winds the other day,
The frozen glebe had bound,
Julia and I went out to play,
While snow conceal'd the ground.

Forth from her hand the fair one threw,
A ball of silver snow,
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange power of Love! whose dire command
Can thus a snow-ball arm,
When sent, fair Julia, by thy hand,
E'en ice itself can warm.

Sir Tho. Well pip'd my lad, but now let me ask you if you have got your Commanding Officer's leave; for without that we can't heave a fathom farther a-head,

Edw. I last night disclos'd my wishes to my father, and obtain'd his perfect approbation.

Char. So, here then, (*joining their hands*) take her in tow as soon as you please; in long-boat, and up anchor.

(*Edward takes Julia round the waist and kisses her.*)

Sir Tho. Hey day, Mr. Jackanapes!—Avast hauling that rope!—(*separating them.*) That's carrying

carrying on the war with a witness! I no sooner give you leave to step upon the gunwale, than whip you are up at the Mast-head in a jiffy. But wait till the present *Squall* is over, least a Puff carry away your Top-mast (*pointing to his head*) and fouse you into Davy Jones's locker. What says my Julia?

Julia. She has no wish but *yours*, sir,

Char. Hem. (*archly.*)

Sir Tho. Let all be calm again, (*to Edward*) and she is yours, with half my fortune. It cannot last long, for though mayhap we may carry away an upper stick or two, yet I trust we are so *well mann'd*, (*and have so good a Steersman at the Helm*) that it must be a damred hard *Squall* indeed that upsets *the Britannia*—But hark—I hear your Father's rap, so now for *carrying on the war* with the knife and fork, and bottle.

Exit.

Char. So!—I told you how 'twould be, but cheer up my boy, keep a good luff, and I warrant we'll weather all yet. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SIR THOMAS'S HOUSE.

Sir Thomas, Manly, Edward, *and* Charles,*discovered at a table,**Manly reading newspapers.*

Manly. "LEAVES not a doubt of their hostile intentions."—

Sir Tho. Why, let them come, Brother—the more the merrier!—

Manly. "Ten thousand from Havre!"—

Sir Tho. A Breakfast for us, Brother!

Manly. "Twenty thousand from Dunkirk!"

Sir Tho. A Dinner for us, Brother!

Manly. "Sixty thousand from Brest!"—

Sir Tho. An Englishman always likes a good supper, Brother—and if there were sixty *millions* of them, (*hastily*) dammee, if one of them would see the next day's fun!—

Manly. I hope so, brother,—I hope so, I hope so—

Sir Tho. Hope so?—Dammee I *know* it—I saw it in the countenances of all those brave fellows you enrolled for the new Militia, at Manor Green, last week—By Heaven! as the brave Pierre says in the play, "I could have hugged the rogues, they so pleased me."

Manly.

Manly. I never saw more cheerfulness, even at a Country Wake.—They looked as if they were going to Feast instead of to Fight.

Sir Tho. To feast?—so they are—for can there be a greater feast to an Englishman, than giving the enemies of his Country a damned good Drubbing? which I'm sure they'll get, come when they will—But come!—*let's carry on the war*—fill a Bumper—(*all fill*) and I'll give you a toast, with three cheers, in which I am sure every Loyal Soul will join me—(*all rise*) Here's,—“May the Devil ride rough-shod over the enemies of GREAT BRITAIN, and IRELAND,” (*All repeat and join in cheers.*)

Omnes. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Sir Tho. Come Charles, give us my favourite old song—I used to pipe it once myself, but now my lungs, like my limbs, are rather the worse for wear,—but dammee I can bear a bob yet.

Char. I'll do my best, sir.

Manly. “He that does that, acts nobly”—

S O N G.

E D W A R D.

HAIL England, old England! for Glory renowned,
In Arts as in Arms so transcendantly crowned;
'Tis thine, strict to Honour, no treaties to break,
'Tis thine, strict to Honour, no treaties to break;
'Tis thine to revenge when that Honour's at stake:
Then huzza! O ye Brave; draw the sword, point the lance,
And bid your loud Cannon roll Thunder to France.

CHORUS.

Then Huzza !—Huzza !—Huzza !
 O, ye Britons, your Conquests pursue !
 For the Trumpet of Victory's uplifted for you.

Britannia rejoices such ardor to see,
 " My Sons, Fight " she cries " 'tis for Freedom and me ;"
 Though Gallic Ambition no alliance implore,
 Though Gallic Ambition no alliance implore,
 We'll conquer them now whom we've conquer'd before ;
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
 To *Force* that submission their pride would deny.

CHORUS.

Then Huzza ! &c. &c.

Hark ! Truth speaks already, our heroes prevail,
 The roused English Lion makes Gallia turn pale ;
 Thy cunning, O France, thy own fate shall decree,
 Thy cunning, O France, thy own fate shall decree,
 Success, lo ! dawns on us, by Land and by Sea,
 And Triumph this truth to all Nations shall sing,
 That the Ocean is George's, and George is our King !

CHORUS.

Huzza ! &c. &c.

Sir Tho. That's it, that's it, my Boy,—Huzza !
 Huzza !—Dammee I could huzza till I cracked
 my Speaking-trumpet

Enter Mac Gregor, with Letters.

Mc. Gre. Fra' th' Admiralty your 'Onor—
 (*to Charles*) an' it please ye, sir, (*to Edward,*
giving a letter) e'en Serjeant Boonce waits your
 'Onor's command.

Sir

Sir Tho. Give him some stingo ! and make him welcome.

Mc. Gre. In troth, fir, ye need na' ha meended me a' that—Ise' na' sic a filly loon, as to be sa' unheedfula' the credit o' your 'Onors 'ospitality.

Exit.

Char. 'Tis as I expected—their Lordships have done me the honour to appoint me First Lieutenant of the Britannia, and I must be off for Deal immediately,

Edw. And I for Dover—my Colonel tells me there are vessels in the Offing which bear a suspicious appearance—the coast is alarmed, and orders me to join the Regiment directly. (*to Charles*) We go the same road.

Char. We do, and I rejoice at the circumstance.

Sir Tho. Come, bustle, bustle Boys, and obey your Signals as soon as possible.—Brother Manly, do you hold good your intention of visiting the Manor, to-morrow ?

Manly. Most certainly, for there is my Post. What say you ? will you and my neice accompany me ? and take another peep at our new Militia, now drilling on Manor Green ?

Sir Tho. Away ! unmoor, and sheet home as soon as you please.—Come, my Boys ! *let's carry on the war*—Heave a-head and Save the Tide.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ANOTHER ROOM IN SIR THOMAS'S HOUSE.

Enter Edward, and Julia.

Edw. **H**AS my dearest Julia heard the news?

Julia. With an aching heart she confesses it.

(Sheds tears.)

Edw. Suppress your tears *(taking her hand)* my love; we shall yet be happy. I too could play the Woman, and weep, but that the glorious cause we are engaged in, fires my Soul to Arms, and makes me eager for the contest, in spite of Love's Almighty Power—Time presses—farewell my lovely Julia. *(embracing.)*

SONG

EDWARD.

AT length too soon dear creature, receive this fond adieu,
Thy pains, O Love how bitter!—Thy joys how short,—how
few!—

No more those eyes so killing, the melting glance repeat,
Nor bosom gently swelling with Loves' soft tumult beat.

Two passions strongly pleading, my doubtful breast divide,
Lo! there my Country bleeding!—and here a weeping
Bride,

But know thy faithful lover can true to either prove,
Fame fires my veins all over, while every pulse beats love.

I go

I go where Glory leads me, and points the dangerous way,
 Though Coward Love upbraids me, yet Honour bids obey;
 But Honour's boasting story, in vain those fears reprove,
 And whispers Fame, Wealth, Glory,—Ah, what are they
 to Love!

Then know, where'er I wander, the sport of seas and wind,
 No distance e'er can funder, whom mutual Love has join'd;
 Kind heaven the brave requiting, shall save thy swain restore,
 And raptures crown the meeting, which Love ne'er felt
 before.

Julia. Adieu my Edward, my prayers attend
 you, and with them this. (*giving her picture*)

Edw. (with extacy) My Life's sole treasure!
 here shalt thou ever dwell. (*placing it in his bosom*)
 Each morn, each night, I'll feast upon thy hea-
 venly charms,
 And if I die, I die with Julia in my arms!

S O N G

J U L I A.

LIE still my Heart, thy throbbing cease,
 Nor with vain cares thy mansion wound;
 Give to my Soul its wonted peace,
 Restore my love with Glory crown'd.

Each day, each night, I'll think on thee,
 And trace thy Image in my mind,
 My ardent Prayer for thee shall be
 Who's Equal I can never find.

Enter

Enter Flippant, listening.

Flip. Poor Soul! how I pity her! (*comes forward*) Did you call, Madam?

Julia. No, Flippant, but I am glad you are come to give me comfort.

Flip. La, Ma'am, I wouldn't pout about it. They'll all come back safe and sound I warrant you. They say 'tis for the sake of the English Ladies those Foreigners are coming over—All the world has heard of *our* Beauty (*bridling up*) and all the world long to be at us. But i'cod when they see the fine fellows we can always command, they'll set off back again with their lean, smock-faced carcases, just like Dogs with their Tails betwixt their legs.

Julia. Thou wilt ever be a mad-cap!

Flip. Why there's my dear Husband, Mr. Bounce, would out-weigh any three of them.

Julia. Husband! (*surprised*)

Flip. Even so, Madam.

Julia. You astonish me.

Flip. La, Ma'am, why should you be astonished?—*You* would have married the Captain, if my master would have permitted it. (*archly.*)

Julia. But when? where? how?

Flip. E'en the last time I attended your Ladyship to Manor-green.

Julia. Why, that was the first time you had ever seen him, methinks you were in haste.

Flip.

Flip. Not at all Madam, for I refused him *twice*. But the third time he asked me, he looked so handsome in his new regimentals, and sung me a song about, “Veni, vidi, vici,” (*singing and strutting about with a martial air*) that ’fegs, I could say “no,” no longer.

Julia. But prudence —

Flip. (*interrupting her*) La Ma’am! what argues *Prudence*, (*archly*) when *Love* is in the case.

SONG

FLIPPANT.

WHEN Love gets into the youthful brain,
Instruction is fruitless and caution is vain,
When Love gets into the youthful brain,
Instruction is fruitless and caution is vain,
Prudence may cry, “Do so, do so, do so,”
But if Love says “No,”
Poor Prudence may go, poor Prudence may go,
With her preaching and teaching to Jericho,
To Jericho, to Jericho, to Jericho.

Julia. (*aside*) How I envy her!—Good Mrs. Bounce, permit me to wish you much happiness.

(*aloud and formally*)

Flip. I humbly thank you, my lady.

Julia. And now, I suppose, I may expect to be desired to provide myself?

Flip. Not till the war is over Madam, nor then neither; provided the Captain will take

D

Mr. Bounce

Mr. Bounce into his service, and make him Bailiff of the Manor.

Julia. Any thing else ?

Flip. I know your ladyship was always fond of children, and will not mind the squalling of a brat or two, now and then.

Julia. Upon my word ! prettily planned, but now, good, *modest* Mrs. Bounce, will you be pleased to go and prepare for our journey to-morrow, while I go and take leave of my brother Charles ?

Exit.

Flip. I see she's as mad as the dickens, that she did not follow my example.

Enter Bounce,

Bounce. So, my dear, have you disclos'd the secret ?

Flip. Yes.

Bounce. And what said she ?

Flip. Nothing ! but she looked as if she wished she had done the same.

Bounce. Pray how came you to be such an excellent judge of looks ?

Flip. How ? By study and practise, as you perfect your recruits in their exercise—Why, my mistress never puts on a cap or a ribbon, but she says, “ Dear Flippant,” (*conceitedly*) “ how do I look ?”

Bounce

Bounce. And do you always tell her truth?

Flip. That's according to circumstances, or as necessity obliges me. To be sure, she's too apt to wear her clothes till they become quite frightful on her.

Bounce. And only fit for her maid? (*archly*)

Flip. Just so.

Bounce. And pray was it from my looks you so kindly and readily gave me your hand?

Flip. To be sure it was.

Bounce. And pray what did you see there?

Flip. What did I see there? why, Love, Loyalty, Courage and Liberty. (*Bounce bows*) And if I had not seen a little inconstancy in those wicked eyes of yours, I should have had you the first time of asking.—But, never let me see you (*pouting*) again smuggling and touzling about that nasty, tall, black-eyed, thing Tom Filpot's daughter, at the King's head, or (*furiously*) I'll tear your eyes out, that I will.

Bounce. Never fear my love, blessed with thee, that's all over.

D U E T T.

FLIPPANT and BOUNCE.

Flip. **O** LET me not discover in thee the faithless lover,
Bounce. I'll never turn a rover, but true as the turtle to thee,
 my dear.

Flip. Love prompts me to believe thee,

Ah! do not then deceive me.

Bounce. My conduct ne'er shall grieve thee,

Let this suffice—My heart's sincere.

Flip. With the soft cement,

Bounce. Of sweet content,

Flip. May our joys augment,

Bounce. And no dire event,

Both. Disturb our mutual passion.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

MANLY'S HOUSE IN TOWN.

Enter Manly, with papers in his hand, and Servant.

Man. ORDER the coach to the door half an hour after my Brother arrives. (*knocking beard*) O, —Here he comes.

Enter Sir Thomas and Julia.

Good day to my fair Niece.

Julia. The same to my kind Uncle.

Sir Tho. Brother, good morning to you, I hope we have not prevented your getting under weigh?

Man.

Man. O,—not at all—we have plenty of time.

Sir Tho. I should have got into my station sooner, but for the little frigate here, I had in tow.—But a woman is generally as long in rigging as a Sixty-gun Ship.

Julia. Nay Papa, you do me injustice—You know Old Saunders kept us a long time putting new flints into his pistols.

Sir Tho. That's true—that's true.

Man. Will my dear Niece have the goodness to prepare Breakfast for us? The Tea Equipage is ready in the Parlour, and we will be with you immediately.

Julia. With pleasure, Sir. *(Exit Julia)*

Sir Tho. Well Brother—How do we *carry on* the war, in the Papers this Morning—What's the News?

Man (reading) “The Arch Duke has given the French another trimming.”—

Sir Tho. I am glad of it!—I am glad of it!—There's a Hero for you, Brother Manly?—I wish your son Ned was his pupil, with all my heart.

Man. “The Spaniards have proved faithless, and joined the French.”

Sir Tho. Faithless? when the Devil did they prove otherwise?—I was fool enough to Trust them once, but to my Sorrow I found that once was too often.

Man. Pray where was that, Brother?

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Why, at the taking of Manilla in the East Indies—The Rascals ransomed the place for a Million sterling—But not a dollar of which have they paid to this day.

Man. How came that about, Brother?

Sir Tho. How?—because *they* were Rascals, and *my Colleague* talked Latin. If ever I go to the attack of a place again with a General who talks Latin may I be damned. But let them keep a good look out a-head; for if ever my Son Charles comes athwart their Hawse, Dammee but he'll cut their Cable, I warrant him!

Enter Mac Gregor, a large Broadsword on, a plaid sash, bonnet, and boots; a spying-glass slung over his shoulder, and his master's pistols in his hand.

Mc. Gre. What mun I do with these killing Cheeld's, your 'onor?

Sir Tho. Do with them? why give them to me. *(Sticks them in his belt.)*

Mc. Gre. By my Saul, noo ye look like' yoursel'—and fra'a the World as ye looked when ye first courted my dear Lady, fifty years bock.—

Manly. (aside) Dear Souls! how it warms my Heart to see them!—what an example for the rising Generation!—*(aloud)* But won't my dear Neice be alarmed at this martial appearance?

Sir Tho. Alarmed! for what? She's a Sailor's Daughter,

Daughter, and I am sure we were not alarmed Yesterday Evening, when she exhibited *her* Weapons, were we, Saunders?

Mc. Gre. No in troth your 'Onor—Tho' there were twanty to ee'n of ours.

Sir Tho. Viz. Twelve pair of Sciffars—two hundred White Chapel Needles—a dozen Thimbles, and two pounds of Pins—and you'll see that e'er night, she will have enlisted recruits enough to use them all.

Manly. But to what purpose?

Sir Tho. To what purpose? To scrape Lint, and make Bandages for our unfortunate brave Countrymen, who the fates may decree should stand in need of them—And there's the Basket of the Canterbury Fly, gone down loaded with old Sheets, bought in Monmouth Street for the occasion.

Mc. Gre. Ah! the blaffings on her sweet Saul!—Had ye a' seen her when she bought them, it had melted your Heart to a' heard her—"Ah Saunders" said she, "wha kno'os but I'm noo buying the weending Sheet of my poor Edward!"

Sir Tho. Poor thing!

Manly. This is too much!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, Breakfast is ready.

Manly.

Manly. Brother, I'll follow you.

Exit Manly. and Sir Thomas.

Ser. Ah! my Old Friend, Saunders, I am glad to see you, though we are near neighbours, we are great strangers.—Methinks you never come near us.

Mc. Gre. I canna' say but ye' are right, Mr. Jamie, but ye 'dunna mack allooances fra 'the differance of Youth and Auld age.

James. Old Age! Why, if I had not known you personally, I should have taken you for a new raised recruit.

Mc. Gre. My good friend, Jammie, ye're right there ageen, for tho' an auld man, I am a young recruit,—*Whan the boose is in danger, the Cripple will scend his limbs.*—But I ken, Mr. Jamie, we ha' na muckle teem for sic a subject noo, sa e'en ye please, we'll gang to breakfast.

James. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Manor-green—The Sign of the King's Head, a Parrot and Cage over the door. Mr. Manly's house at a distance; at the back of the Stage the Troops at Exercise.

Enter Manly and Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. THERE they are, Brother!—there they are, *carrying on the war* still. It does ones heart good to look at them.

Man. And thus I trust it will ever be when the sacred rights of our Country demand it.

(Bounce and Troops, &c. &c. come forward. Hodge going through the Motions with his Pitchfork.)

Bounce. Well done, my hearties!—An Old Regiment could not have done it better.

Hodge. Play, Muster Sarjant, thof' I be'nt drawn for a Militia-man, mayn't I go wi' ye?

Bounce. Aye, to be sure, you may, and thank you for your company.

Hodge. But I ha'n't got no arms, but my pitchfork.

E

Bounce.

Bounce. What would you have better ?—You are sure of gaining a *point of your enemy* ? for you will have *two* to his *one*, and without running the danger of a bad flint, which has lost many a brave fellow his life !

Hodge. Then the murrains stay behind for Hodge, say I.

Bounce. Well said, my Cock-of-wax. But, come, some beer ;—let's wet our whistles, and be merry.

Parrot sings, “ *God save great George the King.* ”

Bounce. Well done, my pretty Poll ! so we will, come—strike up—God save the King !

S O N G.

“ *God save the King,* ” by all.

The Parrot echoing the last line of every verse.

All. Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

Parrot. Huzza ! huzza ! huxza !

Manly. Happy Country !

Sir Tho. That's it !—that's it, my boys.—
Halloo, Old Fillpot !

Enter Old Fillpot.

Fill. Here, your Honor.

Sir Tho. Bring out a Barrel of your best
Stingo,

Stingo, and stave in the Bulk-head of it, for these brave fellows, immediately.

Omnes. Long life to your Honor!

Sir Tho. Thank ye, thank ye—such fights as these would make me live for ever.

Fill. Hadn't they better take it in the Barn, an' it please you, Sir? where, as it is the last day, I have provided a good firloin and a round for them.

Sir Tho. So best, so best.—Landlord, give us your fist, (*half aside*) charge that to me.

Manly. No, Baronet, that must go to my account.

Sir Tho. Well, well, be it so.

Fill. This way, Gentlemen.

Omnes. God bless his Worship, and the Noble Admiral. Huzza! huzza!

Sir Tho. Hark ye, be sure you don't forget to drink the King, *the Brave Defenders of Ireland*, and the Wooden Walls of Old England.

Trim. Never fear, your Honor — and we shan't forget the toast you gave us the last time you were here—about the Devil's riding rough shod over the Enemies of Great Britain.

Sir Tho. That's it!—*That's the way to carry on the war.*

(*Exeunt Bounce and Troops.*)

*Enter Aimwell in Regimentals, Mrs. Aimwell
and Children.*

Aimw. I hope I see your Honor well? (*to Sir Thomas.*)

Sir Tho. My good Sir, (*bowing*) I thank you for your hail;—but you are to windward of me.

Manly. What! don't you know your old friend William, my gamekeeper? *who has bravely turned out a Volunteer, in the Militia Cavalry.*

Sir Tho. William!—by my soul I took him for a general officer, he looks so handsome, and so martial.

Mrs. Aimw. Ah, your Honor, what argues handsomness!—what's to become of his wife and family?—who's to take care of them?

Manly Who?—why, I.

Sir Tho. And I.

Mrs. Aimw. Will you, your Honor?

Manly. To be sure I will—he has long taken care of many a family on my Estate, and he is only now going to take care of the Estate itself; therefore it would be very hard indeed if I refused the same attention to his family—and here is something as earnest (*Gives money, the Admiral does the same to each child, sily, who run up to their Mother with it;—Mrs. Aimwell looks for some time as in surprise; then going up to her Husband throws her arms round his neck.*)

Mrs. Aimw. Go William! fight like the Devil!

Parrot. Fight you Dog!—Fight you Dog!

Mrs. Aimw. And if you suffer one of those
French

French Poachers to touch a Feather of a Bird upon the Manor, never see me more. (*going, returns*) But stop, take half this with you.

Aimw. No my love, keep it, and take care of yourself and our little dears—I am now going to serve a new master, who, like my old one, never suffers his servants to want.

Sir Tho. No—that I'll answer for him, who have served him Man and Boy for sixty years, and will serve him to the last—though the rascals should tip 'tother wing.

Manly. And now, Admiral, I fancy by the time we ascend the Hill dinner will be ready.

Sir Tho. I obey.

Manly. You, William, I suppose will join our friends in the Barn. Your Wife and Children shall see what my kitchen affords.

Aimw. I humbly thank your Honor.

Mrs. Aimw. Good by'e, William.

Children. Good by'e, Daddy.

*Exit Manly, Sir Thomas, Mrs. Aimwell,
and Children,*

Enter Dick Lag, ragged and half drunk.

Aimw. Good day to you, Neighbour Lag. Whither so fast?—Don't you make one of us at the Barn?

Lag. I have been there, but they turned me out, and said I war'nt fit to sit among Gentlefolks

(*biccups*)

(*hiccup*s) 'case as how I wouldn't go for a *Volunteer Trooper*.

Aimw. But I am told you have done *worse* than that, Neighbour!—for you have not only refused to go *yourself*, but have likewise done all in your power to *persuade others* from going. Therefore *the Devil mend you!*

Lag. If'e don't like *Soldering*,—not I—

Aimw. Why, what can you do better? for none but a *Coward* would in *these times* refuse to assist his Country.

Lag. Ah, but my Family—my poor Family, (*hiccup*s) Neighbour!

Aimw. Your Family!—to my Knowledge you cared little about them before you were discharged, and picked up many a half-Guinea in a way you should not (as an honest Man) have done.—But see, here they come.

Enter Mrs. Lag and Three Children, the Eldest a Boy, about Thirteen, all in rags.

How do you do, Mrs. Lag?

Mrs. Lag. Bad enough, Neighbour, and likely to do worse.

Aimw. How so?

Mrs. Lag. Why, Husband says, he'll go to the French.

Aimw. Go to the French?—why let him, he is in their regimentals already—(*turning Lag about*

about and giving him a shove)—Go—and I wish I had the Whole Kidney of you (if there be any more such,) upon the top of Dover Cliff, and the Enemy on the Beach, Dammee if I would not set a Gentleman's foot in their rumps and kick them off.

Lag. Come along Nanny, (*hiccup*s) come along!

Mrs. Lag. Come along?—No, the Devil take me along with him, if I go any farther with such a nasty Cowardly Sot. I'd sooner beg my bread from door to door.

Aimw. You need not go to many—there is one (*pointing to Mr. Manly's*) ever open to distress—Good by'e Nanny.

Mrs. Lag. God blefs you, Neighbour—O that I had been so lucky as to get such a husband!

Exit.

Boy looks after his Mother, as in doubt, then runs to William.

Boy. O dear Mr. William, I wish I was going with you! do you think the Captain would enlist me?—I can beat the Drum a bit, and blow the Fife a little.

Aimw. Come along my fine Lad, your very wish ensures you employment.

Enter Mrs. Fillpot and Kate.

Mrs. Fill. I tell thee Kate, I'll hear no more of such stuff! stay at home and mind your business. Marry *Trim* indeed!

Kate.

Kate. Mind other people's business you mean, Mother; for I am sure I have a worked my Fingers almost to the stumps for You and Father, and you han't a given me so much as a new gown these two Years, that you han't, and if it was'nt for a bit of a present I now and then get from the Captain, when I carry home his linnen, I might go naked for you—that I might.

Mrs. Fill. Ay, that's the way on't—you are always dinning my ears with what the Captain says, and does to you.

Kate. No I never told you half on't, (*aside*) nor ever will.

Mrs. Fill. What's that you say?

Kate. I say as how the Captain has often told me I was born to be a Soldier's Wife.—and when I threw Trim's Canteen over my shoulder the other day, Mr. Bounce said I looked like *Bell-onor*.

Mrs. Fill. *Bell-onor*! who's she?

Kate. I dont know, but I hear him finging about her often to his Recruits.

Mrs. Fill. Ay! I suppose it's one of those silly wenches he has jilted, I'll be bound there are plenty of them.—But once more I tell thee, thou shalt never marry a Soldier, that's poz.

DUET.

DUETT.

Mrs. FILLPOT, *and* KATE.*Mrs. Fillpot.*

OH! hold your Tongue, dear Daughter, and dont you
talk so strange,
To marry with a Soldier, you must the Country range.
You must the Country range, and dont you know their
Pay,
How do you think to be maintained out of six-pence a
day?

Kate.

OH! hold your Tongue, dear Mother, I long to be a
Bride,
To marry with a Soldier, to lie all by my side.
I being in my Teens, besides a Woman grown,
It is a pity, one so pretty, as I should lie alone.

Mrs. Fill. But I tell thee, it shan't be. So get
your ways, and help your Father at the Barn,
while I go an gies the poor Sow a bit.

Kate. O, dear! what shall I do? my heart
will break!

Exit. Mrs. Fillpot.

F

Enter

Enter Corporal Trim.

Trim. **W**HAT makes my Kate so sad?

Kate. How can I be otherwise than sad, (*dolefully*) when you expect every moment to be called to Battle, perhaps kill'd—and then, I may go look for a Husband.

Trim. Never fear, my Love—do not take up misery upon interest: let's be merry while we can, nor cast away one precious moment (*lovingly takes her hand*) in thinking of to-morrow.

DUETT.

TRIM and KATE.

Trim. **T**HOUGH the fate of Battle on to-morrow wait,
Let's not lose our prattle now, my charming Kate,
'Till the hour of Glory, Pleasure should take place,
Ne'er damp the joys before you with the future case.

Kate. Constant to my Tommy, it is all in vain,
To think that I'll go from you Love, the whole Campaign,
Or e'er forget the filling, each morn, my bright Canteen,
As long as I've a Shilling, Tom, my purse within.

Trim. If by some bold action I a Haldbert bear,
Think what satisfaction when my rank you share;
O think, and cease your Mourning, Fine from Top to Toe,
A Ring your Ear adorning, laced Cap, fine Shoe.

Kate.

Kate. If a Serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
Clean linen shall be always ready for my Love,
And never more shall Kitty, the Captain's laundress be,
I think myself too pretty, Tom, for all but thee.

Trim. Kate, take my Tobacco-Box, a Soldier's all,
And if e'er night some Frenchman's knock should doom
my fall,
When thy Tom's life past is, thou can't it surely prove,
Thou hadst his first, his last, his only pledge of Love.

Kate. Tom, put up thy Box, my dear, for thou'rt my
All,
Unto thee I'll be ever near if thou should'st fall,
But may Heavens preserve my dearest, who could thus
faithful prove.
I had his first, his last, his only pledge (*sighs*) of Love.

Trim. Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
Come away, my pretty Life, and take thy Beer;
Hark, how Heaven befriends me, Hark the Drum's com-
mand, (*Drum heard.*)
Honour, I attend thee.—Love, I kiss thy Hand.

Trim. I can't refrain from crying, yet tears I disdain;
And yet I own 'tis trying hard the point to gain.
May Guardian Angels shield thee, (*Kate.*) And Conquest
on thee wait.

Trim. One Kiss, and now I yield thee up. (*Bath.*) Alas,
poor Kate!

(*Exit. Trim.*)

Kate. (*After a pause*)—I won't stay behind
him, that I won't!—and, if he dies,—why,
we'll die together!

SCENE II.

MANLY'S HOUSE.

Enter Manly, Sir Thomas, and Mc. Gregor equipping Sir Thomas for the Field.

Sir Tho. **B**EAR a hand, Saunders, bear a hand.

Manly. But are you serious, Brother? Do you really mean to follow the Army?

Sir Tho. Yes—since I cannot follow the Navy. Had the Rascals left me a Stump to have clapped a fide rope under, I'd soon be on board the Britannia—but as it is, I must do my best. The Enemy landed, and I not lend a hand to carry on the war?—No—shiver my Jib, but I will.—

(During this Speech, Sir Thomas keeps adjusting his Sword and Pistols.)

Manly. But, how do you mean to travel?

Sir Tho. In my Post-Chaise, and when the Enemy is in fight, get out and foot it.

(Guns heard at a distance.)

Did you hear that, Brother?—Come, Saunders, we must crowd Canvas.

Mc. Gre. The de'el tak' Saunders 'gin he lag aftern. An' it please ye' gang yer gait.

(Exit with the Admiral who returns.)

Manly. Blessings on the pair of you.

Sir

Sir Tho. Take care of my dear Julia, Brother. (*Going.*)

Manly. Never fear.

Sir Tho. (returning.) And don't forget the Wine to Aimwell's wife (*going.*)

Manly. Certainly not.

Sir Tho. (returning) Nor the flitch of Bacon, and Potatoes, to poor Mary Lag.

Manly. You may depend on my being your faithful Almoner in every thing.

Sir Tho. Give us t'other shake of your Fist, (*with emotion.*) Won't you see us on board?

Manly. With all my Heart.

(*Sir Thomas, exit hand in hand with Manly, singing*)

"To hear the Cannons rattle,

"O what a charming thing's a Battle."

SCENE III.

JULIA'S DRESSING ROOM.

Julia pensively seated.—Flippant standing—Guns heard at intervals during the remainder of the representation.

Flip. THEY are hard at it, Madam, (*with an affected sigh.*)

Julia. And Heaven only knows the result! (*rising.*)

Flip. La, Ma'am, you always hold up the black side of the Picture, as our dammee craks do—

do—and sees nothing but bloody sconces and broken bones, while I see every that is charming.

Julia. As how, pray ?

Flip. Why, Ma'am, I see as how, that not one of those impudent Frenchmen will be alive in the Morning.—That my old Master will be made a Lord, my young one (God blefs his pretty face), a Captain, your Cousin a—a—what do you call it?—a Fill'd Officer, old Mc. Gregor will have a place in the Customs, and my dear *Mr. Bounce!* will be made an Ensign.

Julia. Ah Flippant ! you cannot feel as I do, or would not talk thus.

Flip. Pardon me for contradicting you, my Lady, but I think I have *felt* a great deal more — (*archly*) though I don't say much about it.

Julia. Did you send my letters to your husband ?

Flip. No, Madam.

Julia. Heavens ! (*surprised*).

Flip. Thinking they would go safer, I carried them myself, Madam : and I told him to be sure deliver them the moment he got to Camp, with three *sweet Kisses*, which I knew your Ladyship meant to send him.

Julia. Prithee, have done your Rattle—and get me my muff and tippet — my Uncle expects me in the garden.

Flip. And Spencer too, Madam ? — for 'tis bitter cold.

SONG.

S O N G.

J U L I A.

THE Sun his gladfome beams withdrawn,
 The Hills all white with Snow,
 Leaves me dejected and forlorn,
 Who can describe my Woe ?
 It's not the Sun's warm beams I love,
 Or prospects e'er so fine ;
 The flowery Meadows, Fields, or Grove,
 If Edward is not mine.

The Laplander, who half the year,
 Is wrapt in shades of night,
 Mourns not more fierce his Winter near,
 Nor wishes more for Light.
 Then haste ! and bring him to my Arms,
 And never let us part.
 My Breast shall beat no false Alarms,
 When I secure his Heart.

Exit.

S C E N E IV.

ADJACENT COUNTRY.

*Bounce and Party cross the Back of the Stage —
 Sir Thomas following in his Chaise, with Mc.
 Gregor on Horseback.*

Sir Tho. (looking out of the Window.) Keep a
 good look-out a fore there !

Omnes. Ay, Ay, Sir.

Sir Tho. Saunders ! where are you Saun-
 ders ?

Mc. Gre. He's hard at your Orse, your Onor.

(Exeunt.)
 SCENE

S C E N E V.

The Sea in the back Ground, Gun Boats chasing and firing, and sinking flat-bottomed Boats—Then changes to another part of the Country.—Skirmishing seen.—Then Enter Hodge.

Hodge. ⁹GAD the Balls whizz about rarely, go which way I will, I hears 'em.

Enter a Frenchman. They fight.—Hodge kills him.—Comes forward.

O La!—I've killed a Mon!—Well!—I did not think as how I had been so hard hearted.

Enter another Frenchman, whom he kills likewise

I 'God I've killed another!—I've always heard, as how an Englishman was enough for two Frenchmen, but I've never knowed it for sartain before.—'Faith, this killing Business is nothing when ones used to it.—Sarve 'em right—what brought 'em from their own Country?—let 'em stea at huoam, and then Nobody would a' meddled wi'em.—But let's see what they ha' got about 'em. (*searching one*)—Here's a pocket full o' something (*pulling out a bundle of Paper*)—By the La', one should think they were troubled with the mulligrubs (*reading*) A-s-s-A-s-i-g sig, n-a-t, nat—As-fig-nat.—O!—this is French money, which they could not get
any

any thing for in their own Country, zo, t' e Blockheads thought as how they might cajole *us* wi 'em.—But its rare soft peaper, and I'll put it to the only use it's fit for, (*Pockets the papers*). Now let's see what t'other has got—(*searches the other Frenchman*). Here's plenty o' peaper too. But, what ha' we got here?—(*pulling out a Watch with a long Chain*) it looks, (*putting it to his Ear*) and ticks like a Watch—but I can't zee any figures 'pon it—*puts it in his Fob, and struts off Singing*)

“ O the Roast Beef of Old England.”

(*Skirmishing seen.*)

Enter Trim with a broken Sword.

Trim. Curse on the Ball which smashed my Musket, and the thick Skull of the Rascal that broke my Sword !

Enter three Frenchmen, who seize Trim, and all exclaim.

1 st Frenchm.	}	Mon Prisonnier ! Mon Prisonnier ! Mon Prisonnier !
2 ^d Fr.		
3 ^d Fr.		

1st Fr. Votre Prisonnier ? Votre Prisonnier ?

2^d Fr. to the 1st. Votre Prisonnier

Trim. Dammee if they an't putting it to the Vote whose prisoner I am !

3^d Frenchm. Oui, oui,—veux tu combattre pour nous ?

G

2^d Frenchm.

2d French. Vill—a you fight for de Republic?

Trim. Fight for the Republic? — Fight for the Devil!

1st Frenchm. } A la Lanterne!
2d Fr. }

Trim. A Lantern? — Ay — and you may make a Candle of me too—and I will still serve my Country by lighting your Souls to the Devil!

Enter Sir Thomas and Mc. Gregor, who attack and drive off the Frenchmen.

Re-enter Sir Thomas and one Frenchman fighting.

Enter Mc. Gregor, who attacks the Frenchman likewise.

Sir Tho. Let him alone, Saunders—let him alone.
(They Exit fighting.)

Re-enter Sir Thomas and Mc. Gregor.

Sir Tho. What the Devil business had you to interfere?—I should soon have done for the Rascal.

Mc. Gre. By my Saul, Sir, I ken weel y'a done your best—for I knaw full weel a true Briton, like your 'Onor, would ne'er gi' oot.—And had ye been equal motched, I should a' cen lat ye aloon. But this *Chield of Sin* had *twa Arms*, and ye but *one*.—Naverthalefs, I crave your Pardon, Sir, and 'gin ye order me, I'll na'er do the lick agen.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Well, well—give us your Fist, my brave Saunders—I believe you are right.

Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

CHANGES TO THE BEACH.

Edward Manly, and the Party driving the French into the Sea with the Bayonet.—Then changes to a distant View of the Sea.

Enter Sir Thomas (looking through his Spying Glafs over Mc. Gregor's Shoulder,) Hodge, Country People, &c. &c.

Sir Tho. **H**ERE she comes! my Boys—Here she comes!—just turning the South Foreland!—I know her by the Cut of her Jib—Come—let's haste to the Beach, and give her three Cheers.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE

SCENE VII.

A large Man of War lying at Anchor; the Royal Standard at her Mast-Head, and "Britannia" on her Stern.—All the Personages of the Drama assembled on the Beach.—Three Cheers, musick plays Symphony of "Rule Britannia"—during which, a Boat lands from the Ship, with Charles and Officers.—Charles embraces his Father, and then comes forward.

"Rule Britannia," in full Chorus.

Sir Tho. That's it!—that's it, my Boys. And thus I trust (addressing the Audience) we shall ever Carry on the War.

FINIS.

